OUR YOUNG FOLKS

The Jolly Fall Winds.

Jolly Little Fall Winds,
Blowing everywhere:
Tossing hats and bonnets,
And tangling children's hair:

Throwing leaves from tree-tops,
Making branches bare:
Jolly Little Fall Winds,
Blowing everywhere.

TIM TURNIPS.

Interesting Anecdote of Benjamin West.

Benjamin West, the great American artist, was in his boyhood what the world calls an infant prodigy. When only seven years of age he drew a remarkable likeness of his oldest sister's baby as it lay asleep in its cradle. This bit of crude art—so full of the marks of genius—was accomplished by means of a pen and red ink and a tattered piece of writing paper.

Once when a band of friendly Indians happened to stop at the home of the Wests they were so pleased with the little Benjamin's drawings of birds and flowers that they gladly taught the young artist how to prepare the colors red and yellow as used by them to paint their faces and weapons.

On learning this wonderful secret Benjamin was happy, but he soon found that he could not apply the colors nicely with his fingers or pen. A neighbor seeing the boy's dilemma explained that colors were put upon pictures by means of camel's hair brushes. But such brushes were not to be found where Benjamin lived. But being a boy of resources he bethought him of his pet cat. Secretly he pulled the soft fur from her tail and back in quantity sufficient to make himself a set of tiny brushes. With these he painted his birds and flowers, using for his paints the red and yellow the Indians had taught him to make, and some indigo blueing that his good mother gave him from her laundry supplies. But when that same good mother saw the forlorn cat, half bald of tail and back, and learned the cause of her plight, she explained to the wondering Benjamin that such a method of procuring brushes was cruel. And it is said that after that there were no more "cat tail" brushes. Some of the right kind were sent for and presented to the little artist, thus making him supremely happy.

MARY GRAHAM.

NAUGHTY ROSIE GOES TO A PARTY.

BY MAUD WALKER.

Little Rosie was six years old, and a most naughty little Miss, she was, too, indeed. I doubt very much if any of the little girls who read this story ever knew so naughty a child as Rosie Snell.

But, listen, and I'll tell you why Rosie was so naughty. She was SPOILED—yes, SPOILED! She had no brother or sister and she had a very devoted mother and father and a doting grandmother and grandfather. So, you will readily understand why Rosie felt that she was the only little girl in the world and that everyone should run at her beck and call.

Her mother and father meant well by their little girl, but—Well, some parents are quite foolish, you know, and instead of rearing their children to be unselfish, sweet-tempered and loving towards others, both old and young, they are blinded by their love for their children and think them better, cleverer, and more beautiful, than any other children on earth. So, the children are not entirely to blame, I say, for thinking as their parents think.

And so it was with Rosie Snell. No matter what Rosie wanted there was one of the parents or grandparents to see that her wish was gratified. If Rosie got ugly tempered—which she did very often—her mama never reprimanded her, but on the contrary, gave up to the pouting little girl's demands, no matter how absurd they were, or how unreasonable. And at times Rosie had both parents and grandparents busy with tempting her with toys, sweet-meats, and coaxing, to induce her to stop her naughty crying. But in vain did they coax: Rosie screamed and kicked and fought till she felt she had done so enough. Then she stopped and asked for whatever she wanted getting it, too, if such a thing were possible. Why, her papa had been known to go out in the worst storm you could imagine, just because his little daughter had taken it into her head to have some ginger cakes from a confectioner's shop several blocks away, and could not be persuaded to eat the nice frosted cookies made at her own home, although the home-made sweetmeats were far superior in taste and quality to the heavy ginger cakes to be had at the confectioner's shop. But Rosie had set her heart—or maybe I should say her stomach—on the latter, and no peace could be had in the house till she got them.

Well, I set out to tell you about Rosie's going to a party; but I've got a long way off my subject. However, it is well that you should have an introduction to Rosie before meeting her at the party.

Well, this party took place on a Saturday afternoon, and many little boys and girls were there. It was given by a dear little girl by the name of Laura Davis, and although she knew that Rosie was a very naughty little girl, and might cause disturbances at the party, she could not avoid inviting her, for Rosie's parents and Laura's parents were neighbors, and it would have been a slight unpardonable to have left Rosie's name off the list of invited guests.

And so it happened one fine afternoon that Laura came to call on Rosie and to invite her to the party which was to be given on the Saturday of that same week. (Laura attended the public school, and was a great favorite with teachers and pupils. Rosie's mama instructed her little daughter at home, fearing to send her to school lest some of the children might hurt her feelings or the teacher punish her for some slight offense.)

Rosie was delighted with the prospect of a party, and began telling Laura what she wanted for refreshments and what games she wished played.

Laura looked at her little neighbor, saying: "Mama prepares what refreshments she wishes to give us, and I do not know what they are to be till they are set before us. And we'll play all sorts of games, some to please you and some to please the other children who come. We must all have a nice time, and to do that we must try to please each other."

This was strange talk to Rosie, whose wishes at home had never been questioned. But she said nothing more at that time about her wishes regarding games and refreshments.

On the afternoon of the party Rosie's mother dressed her little daughter in a sweet white frock and lovely pink ribbon sash, her brown curls also being adorned by pink ribbon bows. Indeed, so far as looks were concerned, Rosie was a most pleasing child. At the hour stated for the party Rosie, with huge doll in one arm and a new Teddy bear in the other, appeared at the home of Laura. She arrived at the same time with several other little girls; but in a very rude way she pushed the other guests aside and walked into the parlor without so much as ringing the door bell. She found the seat which she liked best and perched herself upon it, not waiting for an invitation.

Laura and her mama greeted Rosie graciously, the former taking her little guest's hat and jacket (for it was a chilly October day) and running into another room put them on the hat and wrap rack. When she returned to the parlor Rosie cried out to her: "Where did you put my hat and jacket? I want them here beside me. Some one might carry them off."

Now wasn't this a very naughty thing to say? She really did not know how rude she was. Poor Mrs. Davis hurried to the hall rack and fetched Rosie's hat and jacket, placing them on the piano where their owner might "keep an eye on them" as one of the jolly, mischievous boys put it in a whisper to a comrade. (The fact is, Rosie was known by reputation, and had very few playmates in consequence).

After all the guests had assembled Mrs. Davis led them to the big sitting room where they were given full sway to play games. All the furniture had been removed so that there might be nothing to interfere with such games as Blind-man's buff and London bridge.

"Well, what shall we play?" asked Laura, looking about in the faces of her young guests.

"Let's have Blind-man's buff," suggested one boy who loved no other game so well. "All right," cried a chorus of happy voices. "Blind-man's buff! It's great sport! Who'll be the blind man?"

"Sammy Travers," cried other voices, naming the boy who had proposed the game. "All right, bring on your blind," laughed Sammy, taking the centre of the floor.

But just at that moment—and as Mrs. Davis was tying a folded handkerchief about Sammy's eyes—Rosie, pouting, said in a very unpleasant voice. "I don't like Blind-man's buff. If you play that I won't play, so I won't. I'll get my things and go home."

Several young faces turned inquiringly towards Mrs. Davis, but not a boy or girl present said a word. They were all too well-bred to reply to so rude a child. Mrs. Davis went to Rosie, saying: "Well, Rosie, suppose you all play Blind-man's buff for a little while. Then you may choose the game to be played next. Don't you think that a nice plan?"

Rosie pouted and drew back from Mrs. Davis' encircling arm, just as she was in the habit of drawing away from her own mama when she did not have her request granted at the moment. "No, I HATE Blind-man's buff," she retorted. "I won't play it, so I won't."

"Well, then I'll tell you what we'll do—you and I," smiled Mrs. Davis coaxingly. "We'll not play this game, but will go and look after the refreshments while the others play it awhile. Then we'll come in and you shall choose the next game, and lead it, too."

But Rosie still pouted and shook her head. "I don't want to go and look after the refreshments," she said. "I want to play now."

"All right," cried Sammy Travers, "let's all play whatever Rosie says. I don't care what game it is—just so it's a game."

"There, that's very nice of you, Sammy," said Mrs. Davis. "And are you all willing to play something else first?" she asked of the assembled little ones. "Yes'm," nodded all present—all save Rosie.

"Now, Rosie," said Mrs. Davis, "what game do you wish to play?"

Rosie, with lips still out, stood silent a while. Then she said: "Let's have refreshments first. I'm hungry."

"Oh, but we can't have them yet," explained Mrs. Davis kindly. "You see, the ices have not arrived—won't be here for another hour. Only the sandwiches and cakes are ready. And they are not yet placed on the table. You see, I'm going to let you all have lots of fun playing while we are preparing the luncheon."

"I want to eat first," declared Rosie. "I'm hungry. When I'm hungry mama always allows me to eat. If I can't have some cake I'll go home."

"All right," said Mrs. Davis. But a very weary look came into her gentle motherly eyes. "We—you and I—will go to the dining room and you shall have some cake while the others go on with their game of Blind-man's buff." She took Rosie by the hand to lead her from the room, but the naughty Miss rebelled against such procedure.

"I want to eat with the party," she cried out, her temper making her face ugly. "If I can't eat with the party I'll go home."

"Then my dear, you must wait till the table is ready," said Mrs. Davis, gently but firmly. "So, if you'll name some game that you like the children will help you play it."

For a moment Rosie stood as if uncertain what to do. Then, enraged at not being allowed to have her own way, regardless of the plans of Mrs. Davis and the wishes of others, she burst out crying angrily. In vain Mrs. Davis tried to pacify the naughty child, her cries rose higher and higher. There was no such thing as playing games—or having the pleasure they had anticipated—by the fifteen other little guests. A number of them whispered their disapproval of the naughty Rosie's conduct, and all looked their condemnation of her.

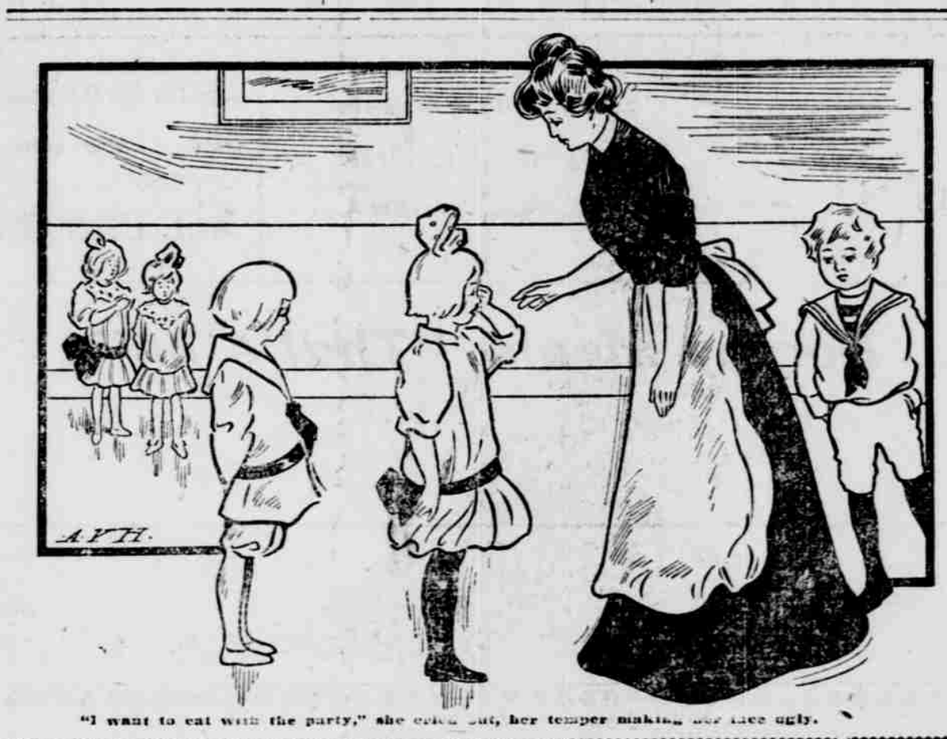
"Well, if you will not play, nor will cease your crying," said Mrs. Davis a bit sternly, "I shall have to put your hat and jacket on you and take you home to your mama and grandmama. You see, my dear child, there are others here who must be considered, and you are spoiling their pleasure."

"But I don't want to go home," wailed Rosie. "I want to stay to the party."

"Then you must stop crying at once and be a nice child like the other children, who are behaving so prettily while you are acting so naughtily. Now, shall I take you right home?—or will you try to be good and play merrily with your little comrades?" asked Mrs. Davis in a determined way, for Rosie had worn out her patience.

Rosie looked into Mrs. Davis' eyes and saw there a look that she had never seen in her own mother's eyes, so she knew she must abide by that lady's decision. "I'll stay and—be—good—if—I—can," she sniffled. "But please, let me stay to the party."

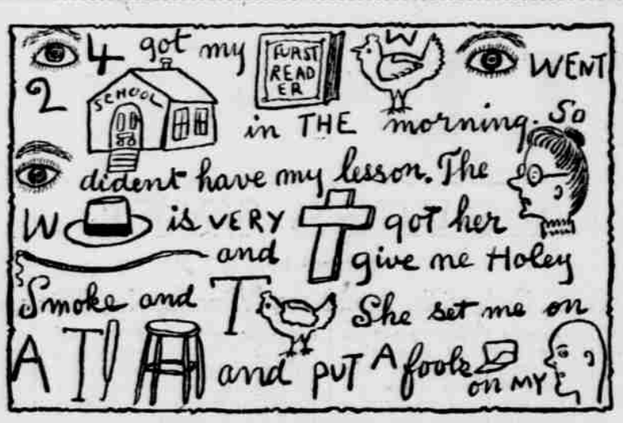
And strange as it may seem, she remained at the party and behaved very nicely, too. All she needed was a firm hand and a determined voice to make her know her place. And that day's lesson was never forgotten by Rosie, either, although she may not have been benefitted so much by it as she would have been had her mama learned the lesson, too.



"I want to eat with the party," she cried out, her temper making her face ugly.

Can You Find It?

Mary got so frightened that she lost her head. Can you find it for her?



Jimmy tells in his own way of an exciting day at school.

When Sammy Got Lost in the Forest.

BY ANNIE JAMES.

Sammy was ten years old. He lived with his parents on a farm many miles from neighbors or town. Stretching far to the northward was a deep and formidable forest into which Sammy sometimes went with his father hunting for squirrels or after wood. But they rarely penetrated the woods to any depth, for it was well known by the huntsmen that bears and wildcats were numerous in the heart of the forest, and Sammy's father had no relish for big game: besides, he would not take his little son into any danger, for, as is well-known, wildcats are most treacherous animals, hiding themselves in tree branches and leaping upon the heads of the unwary who chance to be passing their way.

And Sammy had been taught to fear the depth of that forest, his parents always warning him of the dangers that lurked there.

But one day there came to Sammy's home a man and a boy who wished to go hunting and fishing in the wood, and they asked that Sammy might accompany them as guide, for unless one understood the forest it was difficult to find the stream that was hidden away within its deep shelter of brush and cliff and rock. It was agreed by Sammy's father that Sammy should act as guide to the strangers, taking them into the woods and putting them upon the "trail" that would lead them to the stream which was full of fine fish. And after accomplishing this errand he was to return home at once.

The task promised to be a pleasant one for Sammy, for strangers in his part of the world were rare, and he enjoyed the presence of this man and boy, entering into conversation with them as they walked along. The strange boy told Sammy of many exciting adventures he had had in company with his father who loved to explore wild regions and to study the ways of bird and beast in their natural haunts.

About mid-day Sammy put the man and boy on the foot-trail which would lead them to the creek where they would remain till evening fishing. But he felt reluctant to say goodby to them and to return homeward, for just at the minute when they reached the path the strange boy was in the midst of a most thrilling story, one of some trappers who had been attacked by a mother bear whose cubs they had trapped. Sammy, full of curiosity to hear the outcome of the conflict, accepted the narrator's invitation to accompany him a bit further and hear the exciting end—how the trappers had at last overcame the wild beast and had taken her captive along with her cubs.

At the completion of the story Sammy was about to turn homeward when the man, declaring himself tired and hungry, said they'd sit on the dead leaves and have a bite to eat. Giving Sammy a pressing invitation to share their "snack," as the man called the light luncheon which he carried in his knapsack, Sammy willingly accepted, for he too, was hungry and a bit tired after the long walk. When at last Sammy started on his homeward journey he was about a mile from the outer edge of the woods. But he had been that far in with his father, and had always entered and returned over that same foot-trail. So he felt no uneasiness over being thus alone and so far from the outer world. True, often as he walked along through the dead leaves he thought he heard wild animal sounds, but it would turn out to be merely the wind through the bare branches or the sound of his own feet in the rustling leaves.

As he walked along his mind was so full of the story he had just heard that he did not keep close watch of his path, and coming to a ravine he sprang across it into another "trail" which led off from the one he had been following.

On he went, not thinking of the path he followed, softly whistling to himself and recalling the thrilling parts of the story the strange boy had just told him. But after going some distance he noticed with alarm that the woods were becoming more dense and the ground seemed rising into hills which were separated by deep ravines. Sammy stopped and looked about him. Surely, he had not left the path. There, under his feet was the "trail," dim, but to be seen as it passed in and out among the trees. Then Sammy began to examine his surroundings. Nowhere had he seen such giant trees before on visiting these woods. Here they towered to the sky, and the underbrush and young timber were so entangled that it was next to impossible to creep through on the the almost obliterated path. From appearances there had been little travel there for a long time and Sammy began to realize that he was lost—lost in the forest where bears and wildcats abounded! Suppose there were some of the latter perched above him now, preparing for a leap? Oh, Sammy felt the blood in his veins turn cold. He almost feared to look upward, but summoning courage he turned his eyes towards the tree-tops. No, there were no animal forms there—that he could see. But there might be wildcats in numbers hidden away in the close branches, concealed from his view, and they might be this minute watching for an opportunity to pounce upon his helpless head.

Sammy now knew that he had "lost the trail," and his heart was filled with misgivings. How was he to find his right path? Should he retrace his steps over the path he was now following? Would he know where to turn into another path or "trail?" The forest abounded in "trails," some being made by wild beasts as they went to and from watering places. Suppose he were now on one of these dangerous paths?

But Sammy was a country boy with a pretty brave heart, and when in a dilemma he did not stop to cry or bemoan his ill luck. Turning about he tried to retrace his steps. On and on he walked, the landscape still remaining strange to him. And worst of all, clouds had gathered to obscure the sun, so that Sammy had no way of ascertaining the points of the compass.

"It must be getting pretty late—about sundown, I should think," he mused to himself. "Well, just so the wildcats and bears do not attack me I'll feel all right. I must be going towards the prairie land for there's but this one path, and I came into the forest on it, so it must take me out again."

But Sammy did not then know how perverse a forest path could be. One might think one was going straight ahead, and all the time he turning in a circle, following what appeared the straight and only path all the while.

Soon it began growing dark, the daylight going sooner in the heavy woods than outside it, just as it gets darker in the house than out of it. Sammy now felt very anxious indeed. To remain in the forest all night might mean being eaten by a bear or torn into pieces by a wildcat. And not a weapon of defense did he have, not even his pop-gun!

Sammy sat down to rest a few minutes and to think over the situation. Just then he heard a noise behind him, and glancing back he beheld a sight which made him forget his courage. His hair stood on end and his eyes seemed grown to the object which caused his fear. There, passing along at his left went a huge black bear. Sammy thought he could hear its breathing, but of course that was his vivid imagination. Not once did he move, but sat as rigid as a post, his eyes on the huge animal that went along in such an unconcerned manner. Surely, it had not scented him! Sammy's heart began to beat again, for the beast had taken its way in an opposite direction from the spot where he sat, and for the present he was safe. But still he did not move till the dark form had disappeared from sight entirely. Then drawing a deep breath of relief Sammy rose very cautiously and peered about and above him. What was he to do?—Oh, what was he to do? His mother—bless her dear loving heart!—would be distracted about him when he did not return with the evening. And his good, kind father—he would be setting forth with dog and gun to hunt for the missing boy! But—would he find his lost Sammy?

Thus meditating, poor little Sammy's heart became so heavy that he could not keep the tears back, and down his brown cheeks they fell in a perfect deluge, blinding the usually merry brown eyes till they could see nothing. In this plight Sammy sank to the earth, suffering all the misery and despair of one lost. Lost! Away from home, and night coming on. Bears and wildcats everywhere about him! The home, where he was so happy, far, far away, but just where Sammy did not know.

Then courage came, and leaping to his feet he began calling out with all his lung power: "Help, Help! I'm lost! Help!"

Then, to Sammy's happy surprise—for he had hardly hoped to hear a human voice in response—there came an answering cry: "Hell-oo! Hell-oo!"

Sammy's heart was once more light. Someone was near him and soon he would have the protection—or companionship, at any rate—of a human being. Then, answering with his cry, "Here I am," he waited till the owner of the answering voice appeared. And lo! it was none other than the strange man, with his young son, whom Sammy had conducted into the woods that morning. On beholding Sammy the strangers were almost as much surprised as was Sammy on beholding them. Then the man explained to Sammy that he had taken a trail that had circled about and had brought him near to the fishing place where the father and son had spent the afternoon. "And now we are off for your house where we shall beg a night's lodging and a supper," added the man, a merry twinkle in his eye. "Do you suppose your good mother will take care of us?"

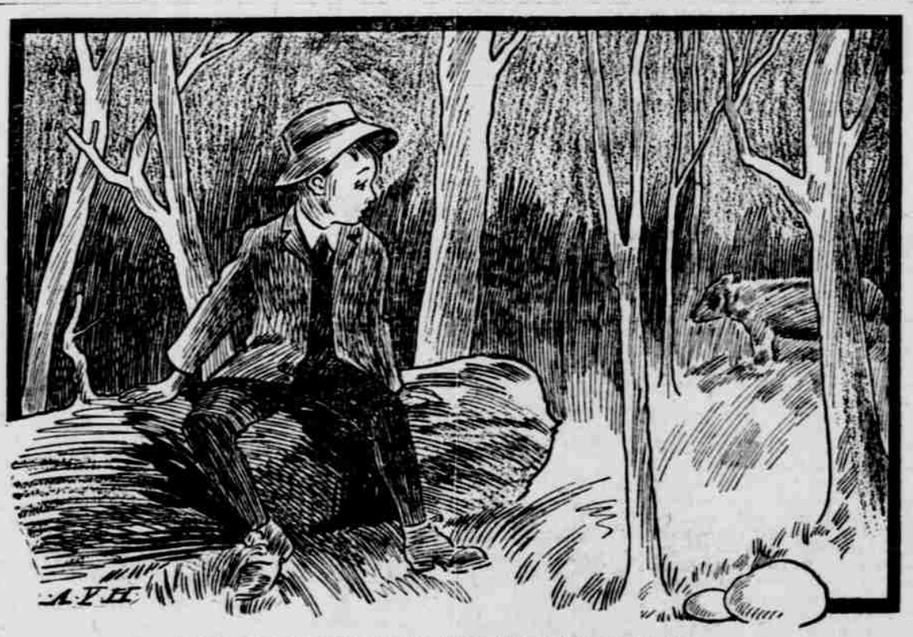
"Yes, sir, she certainly will," said Sammy emphatically. "If you take me home safe and sound there's nothing about our house too good for you—so my papa and mama will think, sir."

"Ah, then you shall be turned in safe and sound," declared the man. "And you shall share these with us, too, my little fellow," and he held up a fine string of fish.

Then on they went, the man leading the way, while Sammy and the companionable little boy exchanged stories. Sammy telling in a guarded whisper of the bear that had passed so close to him in the woods that he could hear it breathing.

And at the edge of the woods they met Sammy's father, coming to hunt for his truant boy. So they continued their way towards the cozy farm house a mile away, where a fine supper was then in preparation for them.

And to this day Sammy really believes that the great brown bear passed so close to him that day in the woods that he could hear it breathing and look into its face.



There, passing along at his left, went a huge black bear.

John's Opinion.

"Things are just right," said little John.
"The Seasons all, I mean.
For when Vacation Days are here
Then all the world is green.
The skies are blue and days are warm,
And swimming pools are clear:
And fun abounds for all boy-kind,
During summer-time each year.

"But when the School Days roll around
Chill Autumn comes, you know;
And followed is by frost and blast,
And freezing Winter's snow.
So everything is right, I claim,
About this big world round:
And nowhere could a better place
Than this old Earth be found.

HELENA DAVIS.

LETTER ENIGMA.

My first is in sky, but not in ground:
My second is in channel, but not in sound:
My third is in heart, but not in beat:
My fourth is in oven, but not in heat:
My fifth is in owl, but not in lark:
My sixth is in light, but not in dark:
My seventh is in dagger, but not in knife:
My eighth is in battle, but not in strife:
My ninth is in year, but not in week:
My tenth is in storm, but not in bleak.
My whole spells two words,
With meaning quite clear;
And is loved by good children
An this time of year.

On Saturday.

It's baking day and wash day, too:
Oh, such a lot of work to do!
There're pies and bread and cake to bake:
And other goodies, too, to make.

And frocks for Nell and May and Sue
Must laundered be, and nicely, too.
It's work from early morn till night,
If one would keep one's house just right.

ANNIE JAMES.

School Room Don'ts.

Don't be untidy in your dress. Neatness of apparel is quite as necessary in the school room as elsewhere.

Don't fail to endeavor to be one of the best pupils in the school. If this rule were observed by all school children the school teacher's problem would be solved.

Don't think that you spite the teacher by failing to have your lessons. Her future in no way depends upon your success or failure. The school is an institution wholly in the interest of the children.

Don't be tardy at school. There can be no excuse for a boy or girl sauntering into the school room after the opening exercises are over. Begin life by being prompt at school, and the splendid habit of promptness will cling to you throughout life.

Don't cheat at your exams. You, and you alone, will reap the evil consequences of such dishonest conduct. There will come a time when you will regret not having coined your school days into knowledge.

Don't forget that school days come but once, therefore make the most of your opportunities.

One million blossoms are drained to make one pound of honey.

The King of Portugal is so expert a shot that he can pick off the fish as they rise to the flies in the palace lake.

It is estimated that twelve million letters are mailed all over the world annually and that eight million of them are written in the English language.